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NO. 48.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

IS CHESS A HYBRID?
Bro. Dax:—As you and our friend and neighbor, Dr. Holmes, both agree that chess comes by hybridization, I will propose a few queries, which I should be pleased to have one or both of you answer.

A hybrid is a mongrel, produced by mixing two species together, thereby producing a cross between two. Now if chess is a hybrid, what is it a hybrid of? It cannot be a hybrid of itself with wheat, for chess is always chess, and wheat is always wheat. But if chess was a hybrid produced by the mixture of itself with wheat, the grain produced would partake of both parents, part wheat and part chess. This I have never seen. Hence I infer, if chess is a hybrid, it must be the offspring of some of the grasses mixed with wheat. What is it? We Yankees must have the whys and wherefores of all new theories.

When I resided at Anson, I cultivated the Banner wheat year after year, upon my interval, and I never saw but three heads of chess among the whole of it. People used to come to me to get seed, on account of its being free from chess. Now for the result. Those who carried it back to high, stony land, or land that was inclined to be a little wet, were almost sure to have their wheat full of chess, while mine, growing on the interval, from the same seed, would not have a head of chess in it. Now if my wheat had become hybridized with anything that would give chess as the product, why should it not show itself in its reproduction on my land as soon as upon my neighbors'?

Perhaps you and the good Dr. may be able to make the above facts appear plain, and in unison with your theory. If so, I should be glad to have you; and if I should so far recover my health, as to be able to sit up and write, you shall hear from me again. A. M.

Although the above was published in the "Rural" more than a month since, it escaped our notice until a moment ago. In our remarks upon this subject, we intended to convey the idea that a kernel of wheat might, by its parent stock having been within the sphere of the pollen of chess blossoms, become so far impregnated with chess (or blood), as to cause it, when it germinated another year, to appear, and, indeed, to have all the characteristics of chess, although its appearance when thrashed from the ear was that of a wheat kernel, and vice versa. In the same manner as a pumpkin seed when taken from a pumpkin that had, while growing, been within the sphere of the pollen of squash flowers. It looks, as far as the eye can see, like a genuine pumpkin seed, but when planted, lo! it comes up a genuine squash.

We advanced these ideas merely as a theory, and that, in fact, is all that has been done in regard to the question, and all that ever will be, until more careful, systematic and discriminating experiments than have yet been tried, have been instituted and thoroughly tested.

The fact that A. M.'s wheat, which appeared so clear of chess that it was sought after by his neighbors, and yet those neighbors reaped chess from that wheat when sown, proves that the appearance of his grain was deceptive. But perhaps he will ask, indeed he does ask, if his wheat had become hybridized with anything that would give chess as the product, why should it not show itself in its reproduction on his land, as soon as his neighbors'?

He acknowledges the fact that his wheat when sown upon his neighbors' land, which was "high stony land, or land inclining to be a little wet," would produce chess. Does not this prove that there must have been some of the chess blood in his wheat? Yet he will say that he could not detect any appearance of it in the wheat he sold, for he is not the man who would sell chess for wheat to his neighbor, if he saw anything like it in the grain he was selling. Well, but, admitting this, why should the chess show itself on his neighbor's land, and not upon his, which was sown from the same bin, and possessing the same chess blood, if any as that which he sold? This question presents the same old difficulty that has often occurred in other States, where individuals have sown wheat harvested from the same field, and taken from the same bin, and yet the field of one was troubled with chess and that of the other was not.

There are but two ways of accounting for it. One is, that pure genuine wheat will be changed to pure genuine chess, in certain soils. But this theory upsets all the ideas of fixed characteristics and permanence in the distinct species of plants, and would soon lead you into a botanical chaos, to say the least of it.

The other is the following, viz: The chess-blooded grains of wheat will germinate better, and flourish more luxuriantly, and come to more perfect maturity in a soil that is stony, or "inclined to be a little wet," than in a fine, warm interval soil, that is inclined to be a little dryish. Hence his neighbors harvested wheat was any more "chessy" than his, but because they gave the chess blood a better chance to flourish and come to maturity,—or, in other words, their soil was more congenial to chess than his was. Had it occurred to him to grow from seed obtained of him, and sowed it on his interval land, the probability is that he would have found a less amount of chess among his crop than they did.

As we before said, we advance these ideas as theories or hypotheses, and not as positive facts, because we have never been in a situation where we could test them by careful experiments. But, in the present state of knowledge upon this subject, the theory here advanced appears the most plausible and satisfactory to us, and we therefore give it, and let it go for what it is worth. If our friend A. M., or anybody else, has a better one to offer, we should be glad to hear it.

KENNEBEC COUNTY AG. SOCIETY. REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

The following is the report of the Committee on butter, cheese, and bread, omitted in our last.

Butter, Cheese and Bread.

The committee on dairy products and bread, commenced their duties by first examining 21 entries of very nice butter, the quality and appearance of which, we venture to say, cannot be excelled by the most celebrated dairy districts in our country. From so many lots, and most of them so near the standard, it was with no little difficulty that the committee could determine the preference; and then, there might be a question whether the fault was not as likely to be in the committee as the butter. Some few lots, however, particularly the June butter, were a little strong, and others had the common objection of being a little too hard salted—which, had these objections been removed, the butter would have been entitled to a premium. The idea, existing with many of our dairy women, that salt will preserve butter, is a mistake. Butter will keep just as long, and just as sweet, without salt, as with it. If no other substance is incorporated with it. Butter should be worked until absolutely free of all buttermilk or particles of sour curd, and then, just enough salt, and no more, added, to make it palatable; and if packed in a sweet tub or stone jar, just so long as the air is excluded, the butter will remain sweet.

It is gratifying to the committee to report that there is evidently a growing improvement in this very important branch of our agricultural interest.

On June butter your committee awarded the premiums as follows:—

A. G. Haves, Readfield, 1st prem., \$4 00
A. Stone, Mt. Vernon, 2d " 3 00

On September butter:—

Mrs. D. F. Sampson, Readfield, 1st prem., 4 00
G. A. Coolege, " 2d " 3 00

There were three entries of butter by Misses under the age of 21 years—all very creditable to these young competitors. It would have pleased the committee to have awarded two premiums to the three—but as we had two premiums, only, at our disposal, we award them as below:

Miss Hannah Getchell, Winthrop, 1st prem., set Silver Spoons.
Ellen F. Gove, Winthrop, 2d prem., butter knife.

The committee recommend a gratuity to Miss Elizabeth Ham, of Winthrop.

Of chess there were 8 entries. Premiums awarded as follows:—

Mrs. S. S. Robinson, Mt. Vernon, 1st premium, 3 00
D. F. Sampson, Readfield, 2d prem., 2 00
J. Hill, Readfield, 3d prem., 1 00

Our attention was next directed to a nice looking loaf of bread, and as the P. M. had already advanced to the time when good bread has a peculiar attraction to all working mortals, we commenced discussing the merits of the loaves at once, and awarded to

Mrs. D. Craig, Readfield, for best loaf of bread, 1st prem., 1 00

Miss Arresta V. Davis, Mt. Vernon, best loaf rye and Indian bread, 1st prem., 1 00

And now what is to be done with those two nice pies presented by Mrs. D. Craig, of Readfield, and one by Mrs. Isaac Dunham?

Certainly, we could do no less than to test them, so we commenced tasting, and our friends gathered around, and they tasted, and we all tasted, until there were no pies there; and now, we have no authority to do more for our fair contributors, than to award them our hearty thanks, and praise the pies. J. LAMBERT.

COMPOSTS.

The business of forming composts is one in which we may derive important assistance from chemistry. Every plant is composed of certain constituents derived either directly from the soil, or through the medium of the atmosphere. It has been conclusively shown by experiment, that the best manure that can be applied to the grape-vine, is a compost formed principally of its own foliage. In like manner we find that wheat straw, and the haulm of the potato plant, constitute the best manures for the sustenance of those crops. Analogy also teaches us that the residue of all vegetables, or that portion of them which remains after decomposition, contains the true *pabulum* of their respective tribes, and that in no way can their growth be more effectually promoted than by their application. This is, indeed, the course nature pursues. In our forests the only aliment the trees receive is furnished by the decay of the annual foliage, with the exception of a certain though unascertained amount of atmospheric food derived through the medium of their leaves, and which is also of vegetable origin. These facts indicate a definite course to be pursued in feeding our crops. All vegetable matters are replete with the principles of reproduction, and should consequently be economized and turned to profitable account. Our lands are in want of all the fruiting substances we can procure, and this is one of the most prolific sources to which we can hopefully apply.

(Germanman Telegraph.)

COMMERCIAL HAVANA. A letter from Havana states that during the year ending on the 30th Sept., there entered that port 644 American vessels, of 293,719 tons against 745 vessels of all other nations, with a tonnage of 213,264; which in comparison with the previous year, shows a slight falling off in the number, but an increase of about 26,000 tons in the capacity.

PROTECTION TO SHEEP IN WINTER.

If we were asked "What is the greatest defect in the sheep management in the North-west," we would answer, "The omission to provide comfortable shelter and barns." This is not a partial, but a very general fault, or defect. Seventy-tenths of the flock of the North-west are upon the ground during the entire winter, in the open air, and never saw an enclosed shed, or even a roof over them. This is a glaring defect—a practice in which neither humanity nor the flock-master's purse is consulted. And so far as our observation has extended, it is a practice quite general over the Northern and Middle States, although within the past three years a great reform in this particular has been going on, which is alike creditable to the flock-master and agreeable to the sheep.

Humanity, indeed, would alone dictate, one would think, that dumb animals should not suffer from our neglect. In our unrest, though, and in our haste and excitement to get riches and power, we shut our ears and eyes to that gentle spirit of kindness and benevolence which would seek to throw its care and protection around all these creatures, especially allotted to man for his comfort and support.

But aside from humane consideration (which we regard as paramount), the pecuniary interest of the flock-master or owner demands protection for his flock from storms and winter's cold. The *Mountain Shepherd's Manual* (Scottish) thus speaks—or thus spoke years ago on this subject:—"Shelter is the first thing to be attended to in the management of sheep. While every good shepherd is decidedly hostile to their being confined, or to their being forced into shelter, whether they wish it or not, it cannot be too strongly recommended to all sheep farmers to put the means of avoiding the severity of stormy weather within the reach of their flocks at all times." This is old doctrine. The result of some recent experiments in the winter keeping of sheep, which have come under our own observation and knowledge, go to prove that it is as profitable to house sheep—"force them into shelter"—as the writer above quoted would have it, as it is to stable horses or cattle. The idea that some hold out, that to house sheep and keep them comfortable is to make them tender, induce disease, is about as reasonable as to suppose that man degenerates by having comfortable clothing and houses to dwell in.

[Louisville, Ky., Com. Review.]

THE DEMAND FOR OIL.

The New York Journal of Commerce comments upon the constantly increasing demand for manufacturing and other purposes, and which already exceeds the supply from the ocean. Notwithstanding the number of vessels derived from their voyages has gradually fallen from 207,248 barrels in 1841, to 184,015 in 1855, and prices have advanced in proportion to the scarcity. The falling off in sperm oil is from 159,304 in 1841, to 72,493 in 1855. But even had there been no diminution in the quantity of oil procured from the whale, the increased demand for the requirements of railways, factories, etc., would exceed the source of supply. It has been estimated that a yearly consumption of 100,000 gallons of oil takes place on over 500 miles of the 25,000 miles of railway constructed in the United States. The immense amount of machinery in use in every manufacturing town or city requires a vast quantity in addition, and there are innumerable minor purposes for which oil is indispensable.

Various expedients have been resorted to to supply the deficiency. Oil seed has been manufactured from rosin, cotton seed and other substances, with much success, and the extensive forests of the country have been laid under contribution. Not less than eight factories have been put in operation in the United States within a brief period for the manufacture of oil from rosin, and one has been established in Liverpool, Eng., which, during 1855, produced over 100,000 barrels of oil.

Bituminous coal has been found to yield an excellent oil, which improved chemical processes may yet render equal to the best for railroads and machinery. Several large establishments have commenced in the United States for the manufacture of this new product, and though some of them are already in operation, with promises of abundant success, it is not probable that the valuable properties of coal oil have yet reached their highest development. The enormous and rapidly increasing consumption of oil by locomotives and other machinery, greatly enhancing its costs, exerts a powerful influence in the prosecution of chemical investigation in this direction.

FELT HATS. The Editor of the Central Presbyterian, in speaking of felt hats, discourses in the following style of good sense:—"Indeed, this is the only sensible hat now worn. Instead of the shiny, hard, and stiff fur or silk hat, so lately universal, a perpetual annoyance to the owner—in his way in every crowd—never protesting him from sun or rain, but keeping him anxiously trying to protect it—very much in the shape, and about as pleasant to the head as a section of a stove pipe would be—always getting blown off, or mashed, or weather stained—instead of this, we now have the broad brimmed, flexible bodied, easy fitting hat, without fur or silk, or stiffening in it—binding the brow, or causing headache—never injured by rough handling—always in shape, if slipped it might be called, which has none—always shading the face from the sun, and sheltering it from storm—and last, though not least, the prettiest hat, if beauty is associated with utility, and the fitness of things—this is the hat which constitutes one of the most to be lauded inventions of the present day, one which should universally supplant its predecessor, and be worn by all classes, clergymen included.

FIRE PROOF FLOORS. Alluding to this subject, Mr. E. Conklin, of Cincinnati, suggests the keying-in of all timber to be used for buildings, so as to render them more fire proof. He believes that the extra cost of preparing building timber, joints, plank, boards, &c., by keying-in them, would soon be saved, in decreased expenses for insurance. The suggestion is a good one. A good fire proof solution for timber is, equal parts of alum and sulphate of copper dissolved in water, at the rate of 2 lbs. of these substances to the 40 cubic feet of water.

Mr. L. V. Blevie, of Akron, Ohio, states, that the best way to prepare fire proof floors is to cover the plank floor with "Blake's fire proof paint." "It makes," he says, "a beautiful floor, becomes as hard as marble, and is both fire and water proof."

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH—the pioneer in the cultivation of the vine at Cincinnati—and still thought not far from being an oenogonarian, one of its most ambitious and extensive planters, has at this time 140 acres of bearing Catawbas, yielding at the moderate estimate of \$200 per acre, \$28,000 per annum.

live they are puny and ill-formed, and the next winter will make these its early victims. But give good shelter and both dams and off-springs will be strong and healthy; will get a good start early and grow up with well-formed and sound constitutions.

4. Shelter saves provender. This proposition is so well known to be true—so thoroughly fixed in the minds of all intelligent and observing men, that we deem it unnecessary to give reasons or facts in its support. The scientific reasoning in corroboration, we may give at some future time.

1. Shelter is the means of making additional manure. Where sheep are permitted to run everywhere, the manure may be said to be nearly wholly wasted. And this is no trifling loss, as it is of a most superior quality. Manure is the farmer's capital stock, and every prudent farmer will see to it that it is not diminished; and if it is protected from the weather, it is not washed away nor dissipated by the winds. In European countries this matter is deemed of so much importance as to warrant the trouble of folding nights throughout the year, and thus concentrate or save the manure and apply it where most needed. The American wool-grower may in the same way make his flocks not only add to his gains in fleece, but in their increase of number, better health, in the saving of feed and increasing his manure heap, by affording good and proper shelter. We have thus called early attention to this matter, that farmers may not be amiss in their duty to those gentle and harmless creatures, which are dependent on them for protection.

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From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

LATE AUTUMN.

The glory hath departed from the year: The rain is falling from the sombre sky; And the bird's greeting is a swoop and cry, Hath a strange tone of sorrow and of fear; While loud above its wailing voice I hear,

With a deep thrill of awe, the ocean's roar, As break the waves against the desolate shore, Sounding like far off thunder to the ear. The leafless branches of the stately trees Are whispering with anguish in the blast; The heavy clouds are drifting slowly past, Like storm-beat vessels on the wintry seas; The vale is desolate: the hills are bare; And mark at times how savorily the rain Smites the sad earth, that seemeth to complain Of having lost all that was once so fair.

And the gloom deepens as the by-gone days Come thronging back; for in the olden place I see a fair and young, but saddened face; We parted early taking different ways, And yet there was but little cause for strife; But when, too late, my sinful pride was gone, I found that I had madly trampled on The happy happenings of a weary life.

ABOUT CHIPS.

We copy the following article from the *Atlas*. It is prefaced with the remark that an individual chip is diminutive and does not weigh much in the great world's affairs; but chips in the aggregate are numerous, valuable, and every way respectable. Certain it is, that a dry room to which all chips, splinters, and fragments of wood can be consigned, might prevent the accumulation of unsightly rubbish about the wood house and yards, and greatly facilitate the building of fires, and withal save a great deal of valuable material.

"CHIPS.—Yes, I mean veritable chips." "CHIPS," says Webster, "are small pieces of wood, a piece of wood." And a very good thing it is, too, if it is dry and on hand when you want it! Chips make a quick fire in the morning; they are better than a "three minute burner," in a February freeze, when you are striding about the room at day-break, your hair pointing to all parts of the habitable and uninhabitable universe, your bowels collapsed by playing the part of a bellows, and your heart sick from "hope deferred."

There is a great deal of comfort and of value in chips, if you will only save and use them. The modern fashion of saving wood makes fewer chips than the old process of chopping; but there will, under all systems, be splinters and fragments of wood that may be usefully employed. Every farm, especially if it has a wood lot, can furnish a great quantity of these.

It will never do to throw them down under the wood-shed. They become damp and mouldy in such positions, and soon get covered with litter and are lost sight of.

No plan of a house is complete without a regular *Chip Room*, accessible, and capacious enough for all purposes connected with them. The writer has a "Chip Room," a little distance from the house, but we grossly abuse it by filling it full of all imaginable and unimaginable chips, besides chips. For want of a better place, a room may be constructed in the upper part of the wood shed. At any rate, it should have a floor above the ground, so as to leave the chips dry.

In the spring of the year, or on a dry day, gather up the pieces, and make your "deposit." You can then "draw" against it in time of need.

Farmers usually have, in the spring, a large accumulation of chips, which, for want of a place and a proper system, are spoiled, or in the general clearing up, if such a thing should occur, they are burned up with the rubbish or carted off with the "chip-machine."

Besides the great convenience of chips, in kindling fires, they are particularly useful in the summer when a blaze is wanted to boil a tea-kettle, and a hot, continuous fire is not desired.

At any rate, the saving of fuel by any and all means, becomes a necessity, in view of our increasing population, and our diminishing forests.

H. T. B.

A ROYAL SARCOPHAGUS. A letter from Stockholm, of the 8th ult., says: "The red porphyry sarcophagus of Elfdahl, in the province of Dalecarlia, which King Oscar ordered for the mortal remains of his august father, and which has been eight years in making, has just arrived at Stockholm, and is now being exhibited to the public. It weighs 920 skippeends (sixteen English tons) and required eighteen months to be brought from the quarries of Elfdahl. The body of this magnificent and colossal tomb is an exact reproduction of that of Agrippa, in the Vatican. The sarcophagus, which is to be placed in a recess in the Noble's Church at Stockholm, is undoubtedly the most remarkable of any of the kind that have been executed in Sweden.

HORSES' COATS. Lately going to the country to spend a few weeks with a friend of mine, I drove a very handsome horse, and a good "un"—but was always annoyed about his coat it was more like a lot of bristles than a horse's smooth skin, and all the grooming he could get "wouldn't do it no good." My friend, who is a great horse-breeder, and fancier, made me try giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat out of my hand, saying that he would have a good smooth coat in three weeks,—and he was right, for in that time my horse had a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat, and all from eating a few raw carrots daily. He tells me it is infallible. [Cor. Porter's Spirit of the Times.]

THE LUMBER TRADE OF CHICAGO. A railroad gentleman gives some statistics of the lumber trade of this city, in connection with the earnings of railroads touching Chicago. The receipts thus far have been 365,000,000 of feet, and will, in two months more of navigation, be swelled to 465,000,000 of feet. Of this large quantity all but 170,000,000 of feet has been sold; and it has become a matter of certainty, that before navigation is resumed, supplies must be had over the railroads along the lines of which supplies are ample. A demand of 200,000,000 of feet would give 40,000 car loads of 5,000 feet, or 1,000 full trains.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

TO CHOOSE POULTRY.—Turkey. The cock bird, when young, has a smooth black leg with a short spur. The eyes bright and full, and moist, supple feet, when fresh; the hen may be judged by the same rules. *Fowls* like a turkey; the young cock has smooth legs and comb; when old, these will be rough; a good capon has a thick belly and a large rump, a poll comb, and a swelling breast. *Geese*.—In young geese the feet and bills will be yellow and free from hair. When fresh, the feet are pliable; they are stiff when stale. [Peterson's Magazine.]

ROAST TURKEY. Have the turkey cleaned and washed nicely, put it in the pan in which it is to roast; season it with salt and pepper, fill the body with dressing, as for roast ducks; the crop with the same as for roast ducks; place in the pan, back upward, dredge a little flour over and one large tablespoonful in the pan, with water sufficient to make gravy, which stir well together before setting in the oven. Bake frequently, and when a nice brown, turn it over, that it may be of equal color all round. Should the gravy boil away, and not leave sufficient in the pan, a teaspoonful of hot water may be added, with a little more flour, if necessary; stir it well, and let it simmer two or three minutes, then serve hot. [Mrs. Widdifield's Cook Book.]

BOILED TURKEY. Clean the turkey, wash it well, season the inside with pepper and salt; dredge a little flour over, and pin it in a clean towel; put it into a kettle of hot water that has been salted; let it boil slowly; when done, send it to table hot. This is eaten with oyster-sauce, or drawn butter, as preferred. [Mrs. Widdifield's Cook Book.]

ROAST GOOSE. Boil twelve potatoes; when done, pare and mash them with a quarter of a pound of butter, two onions chopped, a teaspoonful of sweet majoram, finely rubbed; with salt and pepper to taste; mash all well together; then have the goose well cleaned and washed; dry the inside with a clean towel, and season with salt, pepper, and a little sage, rubbed very fine. Put in the dressing, and skewer it well; then season the outside with pepper and salt; place it in the pan, back upward, dredge a little flour over, and one tablespoonful in the pan, with sufficient water for gravy, which stir well together before setting it in the oven.—Baste frequently, and when a handsome brown, turn it over, that all parts may be well done and of equal color. [Mrs. Widdifield's Cook Book.]

ROAST DUCK. Clean and prepare them as other poultry. Crumb the inside of a small loaf of baker's bread, to which add three ounces of butter, one large onion chopped fine, with pepper and salt to taste. Mix all well together. Season the ducks both inside and outside, with pepper, salt, and a little sage rubbed fine. Then fill them with the dressing and skewer tightly. Place them in the pan, back upward; dredge a little flour over, and a tablespoonful in the pan, with water sufficient to make gravy. When a nice brown, turn them over; baste frequently, and when done, send to the table hot, and eat with cranberry sauce. [Mrs. Widdifield's Cook Book.]

TO BOIL DUCKS. Clean and pluck them, taking care that the skin be preserved from rents while plucking; salt them for about thirty hours previous to cooking; flour a clean white cloth and boil them in it, a moderate sized duck will take about an hour's boiling, make a rich onion sauce with milk, and send it to table with the duck. When the duck is boiled fresh it may be stuffed as for roasting, and served with the same description of gravy. [Peterson's Magazine.]

STEWED DUCK. The ducks should be cut in joints, and laid in a stew pan with a pint of good gravy, let it come to a boil, and as the steam rises remove it; season with salt and cayenne, and let them stew gently for three-quarters of an hour, mixing smoothly two-teaspoonful of fine ground rice, with a glass of port, which stir into the gravy, and let it have seven or eight minutes to amalgamate with it, then dish and send to table very hot. [Ibid.]

PUMPKIN AND SQUASH PIE. For common family pumpkin pies, three eggs do very well to a quart of milk. Siew your pumpkin, and strain it through a sieve or colander. Take out the seeds, and pare the pumpkin, if large, before you stew it; but do not scrape the inside; the part nearest the seed is the sweetest part of the squash. Stir in the stewed pumpkin, till it is thick as you can stir it round rapidly and easily. If you want to make your pie richer, make it thinner, and add another egg. One egg to a quart of milk makes very decent pies. Sweeten to your taste, with molasses or sugar; some pumpkins require more sweetening than others. Two teaspoonfuls of salt, two great spoonfuls of sifted cinnamon, one do. of ginger. Ginger will answer very well alone for spice, if you use enough of it. The outside of a lemon grated in is nice. The more eggs, the better the pie; some put an egg to a gill of milk. They should bake from forty to fifty minutes, and even ten minutes longer, if very deep. [Frugal Housewife.]

BIRD'S-NEST PUDDING. Pare twelve smooth apples, not very sour ones, take out the cores with a corer, wash them in water, and lay them in a buttered dish with the open end up; fill the holes with sugar, mace, and lemon gratings.—Make a rich custard and pour over. Bake an hour. The apples are less apt to produce whey in the custard, if not pared, and some prefer them so.

ANOTHER. Pare seven smooth, mild apples, and take out the cores. Lay them in a buttered dish, without spice or sugar. Beat three eggs with three heaping spoonfuls of flour, and add gradually three rather small gills of milk, and a little salt. Pour this over the apples, and bake three quarters of an hour. To be eaten with cold sauce.

PUDDING SAUCE. Six heaping teaspoonfuls of loaf sugar, half-a-pound of butter, worked to a cream, then add one egg, one wine-glass of wine, one nutmeg, when well mixed, set it on the fire until it comes to a boil. It is then fit for use. Half the quantity will be sufficient for a small pudding.

USEFUL RECIPES—HOW TO BURN COAL.

Nine out of ten who attempt to burn coal in a stove waste about as much coal as is necessary to be consumed for obtaining all the heat desirable. Observe the following rules, as given by the Rochester Democrat, and few who adopt the burning of coal will ever return to wood fires, as long as the prices range at the present market rates. We will suppose the stove cleaned out.

First, To make a coal fire: Put in a double handful of shavings, or light kindling wood instead. Fill the earthen cavity—if the stove has one—nearly full of chunks of dry wood, say four to six inches in length. On the top put a dozen lumps of egg coal. Light with a paper from beneath. In ten minutes add about twenty lumps more of coal. As soon as the wood has burnt out, fill the cavity half to two-thirds full of coal. The fire will be a good one. The coal will, by these directions, become thoroughly ignited.

Second, Never fill a stove more than half or two-thirds full of coal, even in the coldest weather.

Third, When the fire is low, never shake the grate or disturb the ashes, but add from ten to fifteen small lumps of coal and set the draft open. When these are heated through and somewhat ignited, add the amount necessary for a new fire, but do not disturb the ashes yet. Let the draft be open half an hour. Now shake out the ashes. The coal will be thoroughly ignited, and will keep the stove at high heat from six to twelve hours, according to the coldness of the weather.

Fourth, For very cold weather. After the fire is made, according to rule first and third, add every hour about fifteen to twenty lumps of egg coal. You will find that the ashes made each hour will be about in that ratio.

REMEDY FOR CORNS.

There is in the New England Farmer of the 9th of February last an article on corns, which appears to have been an extract taken from Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, in which he says among other things that "corns, like consumption, are never cured." Now, sir, I make no pretensions to science, but will state some facts relative to my experience with corns. Many years ago, in May-time, I was afflicted with a pricking on the ball of the first joint of the little toe, which I supposed proceeded from a peg in my boot. Being busy, I endured it until some leisure time, when I examined my boot, and not finding sufficient reason for complaint, called a boy to examine

The Muse.

THANKSGIVING DAY.
Thrice welcome the day in its annual round,
That treasures of love in its bosom are found!
Our country's high holiday, ancient and dear,
Would be twice as welcome if twice in a year.
Now children revisit the darling old door,
And brother and sister, long parted, embrace;
The family ring is united once more,
And glad voices sound round the old cottage door.
The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the God that has guarded his heart;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been a Thanksgiving Day.
Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And trustful await what the future may bring;
Let doubts and repinings be banished away,
And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING DAY.
BY MARY IRVING.
"To-morrow is Thanksgiving!" sang a little girl in glee,
Dancing about the kitchen floor and laughing joyously.
She was a fairy little thing, of scarcely three years old;
The curls shook round her smiling face, like rings of gleaming gold.
Poor little girl! she hardly spoke those happy words of hope,
When a scolding basin in her path her tiny foot tripped up!
The mother sprang up with a shriek—it was too late to save!
That little one of Thanksgiving Day dawned on her new-made grave!
The pious stood ranged along the shelf, all ready for the feast,
Close by the mammoth pudding no sobbing child could taste;
The table stood unfurnished, for the friends who sat to weep.
Where they had come New England's merriest festival to keep.
"We cannot have Thanksgiving now!" her little brother said,
As he glanced up to his father, from the pale cheek of the dead.
"Oh yes, my boy!" The father stooped, and dropped a gleaming tear,
A dew-drop on the blighted bud his heart had held so dear.

"Oh yes!" we know her lips are hushed from laughter and from play—
Thank God that he has taken her to sing in Heaven to-day!
We know she is not weeping in her home above the sky—
For his own hand will wipe away the tears from every eye!
"Thank God that little Mary to our hearts awhile was given—
He only lent her from among His little ones in Heaven!"
Twas well that he had taken her from her soul should wing away
To keep, within her father's home, her long Thanksgiving Day!"

THE STORY-TELLER.
FROM THE TRANSCRIPT.
MARGARET HASTINGS:
A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE.
BY MRS. C. M. EDWARDS.

Margaret Hastings was a genuine Yankee girl. None of your pining, languishing novel-reading daughters of fashion and idleness, but a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, bounding lass. It took a full yard of ribbon to make her Sunday belt, and yet Margaret was well proportioned. Her feet were large enough to support her body, and her shoes were large enough to hold her feet, so that her motions were easy and graceful. If this description of our heroine is not sufficient we will add that she had a bright complexion, none the less pretty than the pure winds of heaven often breathed upon it, and the glorious summer sun in its earliest risings shone upon her milking stool. Margaret had a calm, blue eye, a serene forehead, surmounted by a luxuriant mass of brown hair, which was always neatly and tastefully disposed. In fact she was what old dame Giles denominated to his son Robert, by way of commendation, as a "good, wholesome looking girl."

With this description of the personal charms of our heroine, gentle reader, you must be content, and when I tell you she was reared on one of our New England farms, was the oldest of ten children, and the sole nurse of her invalid mother, and the only female laborer in that large, old farm-house, you have some faint idea of her situation in life.

But in order to have any just conception of her usefulness, and the extent of her industrious habits, you should have visited farmer Hastings, and seen the fruits of her toil. The drawers and cupboards filled with snowy linens nicely polished and folded, and redolent of fragrant herbs—and then the chests of flannel stockings and mittens all carefully preserved for the coming winter. Mother Giles said they looked good enough to eat. May be they did, but then there was no need of eating them, for Maggy's pantry and dairy were well-stocked with eatables as her chambers were with wearables. Such golden butter and cheese, such pots of honey, such pickles and preserves, pies and doughnuts, that mother Giles, who it must be confessed, had rather an odd association of ideas, said it was a sight for "sore eyes" to look upon.

And Margaret had a lover—just such an one as we should have selected from a thousand for her. Sam Hardy was, firstly, an honest man, and that you know has been said to be the noblest work of God; and then for industry, common sense, enterprise and good management, Sam was without doors what Margaret was within. The two had grown up together. At church, at school, and at all their merry makings, they had associated. And now as they stood in the village choir on the calm, holy Sabbath, Margaret pouring forth the clearest tones, and Sam the deepest bass, the sweet melody of their voices seemed the prelude to the harmony of their future wedded life.

The farms of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hastings were contiguous, and when they together had laid the line fence, Margery's little brother, (a wagish boy of thirteen,) suggested the propriety of leaving a little gap, a "dole" as we should be strangers, said Tommy, "with a high wall between us." Hardy did not notice the roguish twinkle of that dark eye, for he was—"matter-of-fact" body, and seldom joked himself—but he acted on the suggestion and built a gate. Tommy put on a bright coating of red-oil, "that people might not miss it," he said; and the well-trodden path through this red gate, became the pleasantest walk of the affianced lovers. Margaret would have been contented that this state of things should exist for years, so that she could still have ministered to the wants of her pale, gentle mother, and diffused comfort throughout the home of her childhood. But Hardy was getting impatient; his new house began to look gloomy, closed up as it had been for more than a year, and he fancied that the cows and sheep, and oxen, looked lonely when he turned to leave them, as though they missed the one being essential to his happiness. The young people, too, of the neighborhood, were coming on that wedding that seemed so long in coming, with

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

knowing by the buckings and paring bees they had held at farmer Hastings, that a wedding there, and especially Margaret's wedding must be a splendid affair.

At last farmer Hastings began to commiserate the would-be-benedict, and communicate his sympathy to his better-half.

"I say, wife," he began, as he sat in her little room, taking a nooning, "why don't you tell Maggy she ain't obliged to stay here waiting on us all her days?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the feeble woman, in a quivering voice, "you must tell her yourself, but it will be a sad day for all of us when the dear girl leaves."

"So saying, the good man laid up his pipe and bustled out of the room, that he might not see the tears that he knew his wife was shedding. That evening the kind old man followed his daughter into the bleaching-ground, (whither she had gone to turn her last web of linen,) and in homely but genuine, because heart-felt eloquence, unbentured his heart of the little weight that oppressed it. He then hurried away to look into the pigs and poultry, as though they had anything to do with that choking sensation in his throat! Silly old man!

Tommy, who, by the way, was a bit of a sentimentalist, had often told Maggy that he and Hardy were not true lovers because they were so quiet in their love. "The fellow speaks of you, as, as he would of his grandmother, and as for a blush, you can as soon get one from old Grimes and his wife as from either of you."

Could the observing boy have seen his sister now as she bent over the snowy linen, with face, neck and arms in one deep blush of crimson, and then seen the scolding tears as they rolled over her cheeks, he would have discovered that one of the party at least, had as warm a heart as ever throbbled beneath a quiet exterior. But what said Margaret? Was she unhappy in her love? By no means. It was only a struggle between her love for Hardy and her love for the dear household band she must leave behind. She feared that in becoming a wife she would be less a daughter. It was therefore she wept, and walked from the bleaching-yard, drooping and pale as though she had been there whittling. Never had Margaret's heart been so full as on this evening, never had she felt that retirement and solitude would be so great a luxury.

But there was no time for that; her evening duties must be performed, and she alone would do them. There was the milk to be strained, and the children waiting to say their prayers to sister Maggy, and the baby waiting to be undressed, besides all the little managements to promote quiet and sleep for her weak and nervous mother.

"Who will do all this when I am gone!" thought the faithful girl. "I am sure they must all suffer. I have a great mind to tell Samuel that he must wait till these little ones get grown up, or else he must look for some one. No I can't say that."

"Well, sis," said Tommy, "if you have done everything else, I'll thank you to pick a splinter from my finger."

Now Tommy's was just the pair of eyes she most wished to avoid, nevertheless, she commenced the surgical operation, the little fellow holding the candle for her. At length he glanced into her face. "Why Maggy," said he, "what is the matter? Is Hardy dead?"

"No, I guess not," was the meek reply.

And Margaret responded, "of course." To oblige the farmer, as well as to beguile his own time that seemed forever in passing, young Hardy offered to go for the orphan stranger. His offer was received as a great kindness now when they had all so much to do. Even Tommy, who had no particular liking for his future brother-in-law, said it was kind in him, and then he went off to picking stones, and was all day thinking and wondering what kind of a girl that same cousin Dora was.

And now Dora was with them, the little orphan Dora, the little fairy Dora, the bereaved Dora,—in her mourning frock, fitting so closely to her tiny form, looking a very infant with her sunny curls, and timid blue eyes, out of which the tears had come so natural when her aunt kissed her, that every one felt that she was the loveliest creature that ever crossed their threshold. Tommy had not yet seen his pretty little cousin, though he had been watching for them for two hours. But when they came he had gone up stairs and looked from the upper window to see them alight. "I wonder if she is a baby," muttered he, as Hardy lifted her in his arms, and without allowing her to put her foot on the soft grass stepped forward and stood her fairly in the entry. "I guess he thinks she is," continued the perverse boy, "or a sugar loaf. I should like to see him lift Maggy in his arms! She is as good as any of the city girls!" Tommy forgot in his jealousy that his sister weighed a hundred and sixty. He sat and thought over her wrongs for some time, but when he heard her evening frock covering the great kitchen chimney, and the cheerful voices, among which was that of Margaret, wandering where Tommy was, he went down.

"Your cousin, Miss W.," said Hardy to the little boy in a patronizing tone. Tommy made a stiff bow to Miss W., and then went back in the shadowy part of the room and gazed at her the whole evening. By accident she had sat down his father's arm chair, and he couldn't help laughing to see how little it she filled. "To be sure," said he, "she is a darling little Puss, and we ought to love her," and so from a sheer desire of duty the conscientious boy began to love his cousin. In a few days the Puss became quite tame and domesticated, and the whole family loved her dearly, she was so active and handy and could do so many things for each of them, that she seemed more than ever like some good fairy, except that instead of coming in the form of an ugly old woman, she was lovely little Dora.

Never had aunt's eyes had such tasteful trimmings, never had the children been told such pretty stories—and then the lamp mats, and cricket covers, she had begun to grace cousin Margaret's new parlor, and the hard cousin had taught Tommy, and what he valued more than all the rest, the happy hour she gained every day to romp and play out of door with him. But for this pleasure the jealous boy had every evening to do ample penance. I dislike to say anything about it—but the truth is, Hardy had attached himself strongly to the orphan stranger. Perhaps it was from principle, as Tommy loved her. I don't know, but certain it is every evening he was by her side, and when there, he had neither eyes nor ears for any one but Dora. All at once he came passionately fond of all kinds of light singing, though he had often declared he had no taste for anything but sacred music. The pretty school songs that Dora sang were perfectly enchanting to the fine ear of Hardy, and he was able to get up a bass for each of them, besides the rolling out of the deepest accompaniment to her bird-like waltzes. Once or twice had Tommy felt the hot blood mount to his forehead, as he had seen the dark fingers of Hardy twining in Dora's curls as they hung over the chair. Those dainty curls! that he had never dared to touch. But we will do Tommy the justice to say that for his sister he was jealous. Sometimes Hardy would bring up his new wagon and ask Dora to ride. To be sure Margaret was busy, but when did she ever refuse to take a little ride or walk with him? But now it was many days since he had scarcely spoken to her. True, his cheerful "good evening" was more cheerful than ever, (for Hardy's manner was strangely altered,) but then it didn't seem addressed to her, and though she lifted her head and smiled, as she always did when she heard his voice, it was to see his seat himself by Dora. Was Margaret jealous? and did she blame him, or her cousin? No, she did neither. Her affection was too pure, and unselfish for her to doubt his. Besides, she had too little knowledge of the workings of the human passions, to fear that another could come between them. Margaret only missed her lover, and her heart was lonely. She missed those little interviews in which they were wont to talk over their future plans. Delicious moments they were, none the less, so that they had nothing new to say to each other. And now when he seemed so estranged from her, she was ready to vindicate him for her complaining heart. "It is kinder," she would say to herself, "for him to be so kind to my little cousin. I dare say she would be homesick, if it was not for him." When her active labors for the evening were done, she would take her sewing and sit with her mother, a thing she had never done before when he was present. The family began to stare; poor Mrs. Hastings grew nervous and anxious, and the farmer fretful and peevish. Tommy became desperate, and was downright rude to Hardy and shy to his cousin. Dora began to be less patted by all the family but Margaret. She did not abate one particle of her tenderness to her, for she judged rightly of her innocence, gentle reader, that you may have shared Tommy's indignation. It never occurred to the thoughtless child that she was wronging her cousin Margaret. She liked Mr. Hardy very much; for when she stood on that crowded deck of strangers, with but one shilling in her pocket, faint and dizzy from sickness, how miraculously he had found her out, and placed her in his carriage,—how tenderly he wrapped her shawl about her, when she trembled from the mingled effect of cold and exhaustion. When she asked him if he was uncle Hastings's son, how socially he acknowledged that he was to be, in a few weeks, having been long engaged to her cousin Margaret, the most wonderful girl in the world. For this confidence Dora asked him in the most timid manner, if he thought she would be welcome to her uncle's, confessing she had no friend in the world who told those whose protection she was now going to claim. He assured her as a child to the old people,—adding with most affectionate earnestness, that were it not for depriving Mrs. Hastings of her society, he would be delighted to have her make her home with Margaret. Dora was so happy and grateful that she would have fallen at his feet and done him homage. But she was afraid of falling on Hardy's shoulder and burst into tears.

How natural it was for him to put back the clustering curls and winding his arm round her slender waist, promise to be her good friend all the days of her life. With such strong pleasant associations connected with his broad benevolent-looking face, do you wonder that Dora was very much attached to him? Now will

you exonerate Dora from blame, gentle reader? or must I tell you another secret namely, that a pale, consumptive artist had carried off Dora's heart a year ago, when he went to the South to seek health and a fortune. Don't tell this thing to farmer Hastings, or he will say the girl is just like her mother.

Having established Dora's innocence, I wish to give you an excuse for his strange neglect of Margaret, but am not able. There is no excuse for the man who wantonly trifles with the happiness of a being whose affections center in him. No matter whether hymen has set his seal to their union or not. No true woman can see the object of her love habitually lavishing his smiles and caresses on another, without feeling that the "virtue" has entered her soul. She may affect indifference or blindness, but "be all affectionation. If the fault seems incurable, better that she bear it in silence. Let her not lay her wounded heart open to the inspection of another, and above all, never coquet herself in order to be avenged. I have told you I have no excuse for Hardy's conduct, but I will tell you the reason and if you can find an excuse in it, you may. I have said that Sam was a "matter-of-fact body." So he was. He had always associated with such kind of people, and Margaret who had shed more of coloring to his character than either were aware, had never encouraged the least extravagance. Once in their school days the young lover attempted to woo her in verse, but she only smiled, and asked him if he had got his parsing lesson. So you see he was naturally susceptible, and ardent; to this was added a great love of what was helpless, in short his philoprogenitiveness was wonderfully developed, though in those days the science which explains such big words was unknown. Sam had a great dog, and little dog, two black cats, and every year he raised several comest lambs, that had been cruelly deserted by their mothers. These mute pets engrossed much of his care. What wonder then that when he found a sweet young creature with the smile of a woman, and the simplicity of a child setting such a value on his friendship, that he should feel in his "heart of hearts." It was as if the poor fellow had inhaled chloroform, and "hadn't come to." But the thousand pities for our friend Margaret. The pure, generous, high-souled Margaret. How much she was suffering no one knew, though it was soon made manifest. One evening Sam and Dora had gone out to ride and Margaret sat by the window idly and listlessly. (She often sat so now.) She was wondering how long it had been since Dora came among them. It seemed an age to her, and she couldn't recall the night. She arose and went to the window; how strange everything seemed.

She then looked into the glass to see if she had not become an old lady. She was startled by the deadly paleness of her face. "This won't do," thought she. "I am moping myself to death, I will walk." So saying Margaret left the house with no other covering than the thin garments she had worn through the day. Mechanically she took the little path that led to the red gate, the old trusting place, where she and Hardy had so often strolled, and talked, and then had made each other good night, she playfully forbidding him to come a step farther. When there Margaret was exceedingly fatigued, and sat down on the damp grass to rest. Then came that strange feeling over her, as though the things that had been transpiring the last two weeks, were events of other days. "To be sure," said she, "he built this gate, that was when we were young, but he has been dead many years, and I am a widow now and old, and feeble." An hour after, when Margaret was found by the family, she was raving in the wild delirium of a brain fever. "Who calls Margaret," said she, starting from the ground. "Yes, my name used to be Margaret—but that was long ago; they have come to take me to the wedding,—to Dora's wedding—ha! ha! Dora going to be married! Why Dora is a baby!" Almost as frantic as the poor girl herself, her brothers led her home. A bed was hastily put in the best room and Margaret was laid upon it. Thanksgiving had come at last. That day of days to the descendants of the Puritans. It came in bright and glorious, as was meet for such a day. The shining hoar frosts sparkling in the rays of the rising sun, gave promise of a lovely day; while the road was as hard and smooth as in midsummer. But oh! how unlike the thanksgiving that was anticipated at farmer Hastings. True the old farm-house was filled with uncles and aunts, and cousins, and kind sympathizing neighbors. But how hushed and still were they all! Why did they walk from room to room on tiptoe, with pale and anxious faces? Why did the scanty looking breakfast remain hour after hour untasted? Was death the unbidden guest already there?—and had his icy breath paralyzed the household? So it seemed, though as yet poor Margaret belonged to the living. So whispered the physician, as he held her wrist, and so said Dora by her looks and her hand was laid on her heart.

It was the day of the blessing of God, that had fastened upon that tragical vigorous frame. What ravages it had made! The ninth day since she had given the last best to any thing around her—dwellings in a world created by her own disordered brain. That had been a world of love and tenderness, characteristic of the gentle Margaret, her incoherent ravings gave evidence. Sometimes she had clung to her first fiancé, viz: that she was a widow, a poor lone widow, and her Samuel had long been dead; but calm and subdued weep, (not passionately,) but calm and subdued ashe dwelt on his many virtues. And anon the scene would change and she would be making great preparations for some event that she could not decide upon, whether it were wedding or funeral. But now it had all ceased. Since midnight not a word or sound had issued from those purple parted lips. In front of the bed sat Mrs. Hastings herself more dead than alive and at the foot stood the farmer and his two eldest sons, their intense gaze fixed alternately on Dora and the physician. At the farther window, in the strong current of air admitted by the doctor's orders, sat Hardy. Poor fellow! he had some need of air! But twice before had he entered that sick room, and each time had the strong man bowed himself, and grasped the arm of young Hastings to be led out. But now they all said Margaret was dying, and he must go in. In vain he shook his head, and wiped the large drops of perspiration from a brow pale as the sheeted dead, they would take no denial. Even little Tommy, who in consideration of those nine days of unmistakable agony, had forgiven him everything, took his hand and begged him to go and look on dear Maggy once more, and Tommy led him in and sat down beside her. At length the doctor laid her hand gently down and folded the covering over it, directing Dora by a glance to do the same, he left the room and seating himself by the breakfast table, asked for a cup of tea. Was Margaret dead? No. Would she live? There was a possibility; she slept now, and that was favorable. And hope again entered that sick-room, and one after another of those weary watchers glided out to partake of a slight refreshment, quickly returning to resume their vigil. Another hour and Margaret's sleep was quiet and refreshing, her hands and feet had become warm her lips were no longer purple, but had closed

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

calm and natural. The sick girl had passed the crisis, and nature had again rallied. The physician directed all to leave the room, but Dora, an experienced matron, that there should be nothing exciting when she revived. Towards evening Margaret opened her eyes and smiled on Dora, and partook of nourishment,—and then the family came in one after another, and she had a smile of recognition for each. Last came Hardy very slow, for the good doctor had given him an extra charge, and as he met that look of unaltered love and tenderness, he bent over and imprinted one long, burning kiss upon her marble forehead, and each felt that it was the seal of their mutual confidence and happiness.

One evening nearly two years after the events recorded last, Hardy and his wife sat alone in their parlor. It was the Sabbath, and Margaret was attired in her snowy wedding dress, for that day Dora and the young artist had been married in the church, and she and Sam had stood beside them at the altar. The bride party had drunk tea with them, but all had gone. Dora had promised to spend her last night with dear aunt Hastings, before leaving for the evening South. "How thoughtful you are, this evening, husband," said Mrs. Hardy. "You are thinking how lonely we shall all be when cousin Dora leaves us."

"How," said Mr. Hardy with a sudden start; and then as he met the clear, calm gaze of her eye, added, "no, wife, I was thinking of you." "Of me, Samuel," said Margaret, smiling and bending over her sleeping boy, "do tell me what were your thoughts?"

"Margaret," said he, taking her hand and speaking low and agitated, when are you going to reproach me for that week of infatuation before you was sick?"

"Why, never, Samuel," said she, looking up wonderingly in his face, "you were not to blame. I was a little sick and silly, I think, to miss you so."

"Thank you, my own dear wife," said Hardy earnestly. Believe me, my heart never became estranged from you, it was only a brief suspension by the senses and imagination, of its rightful rule. But what a bitter lesson, that was that brought it back weak and erring to its first and only love!"

"My dear husband," said Margaret, "let us forget our grief for that affliction which taught us not only a knowledge of ourselves and each other, but also that knowledge of God which we trust is eternal life."

Gratitude and thanksgiving are the natural dictates of a generous and thoughtful mind. The individual who is ungrateful to his friends is ever remembered as one who is unworthy to have friends, and as being deficient in that element which enters so largely into a good character. If we ought to be grateful to earthly benefactors; and if gratitude is expected of every true man, then certainly we ought to be especially thankful to that Being, who is the source of life and the mercies that enrich our earthly experience.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." Why are we constantly asking of God this and that blessing,—health, strength, peace and prosperity, whatever we think we need,—if, after receiving the numerous favors of Providence, we then suddenly forget from whence they come? We are extremely desirous that we may have pleasant and fruitful seasons, but as soon as the crops are well secured, how many fall into indifference with regard to the Giver of all good.

The grateful heart enjoys much more than the ungrateful. It appreciates the blessings of Providence, feeling a dependence upon the wisdom and mercy that never fail. We can not readily appreciate the blessings of life without a thankful remembrance of God. By this means the poor sometimes enjoy more than the rich, when truly thankful to the Lord for the favors that are granted them, while the wealthy may place their confidence in themselves. The world is full of beauty, and of the tokens of a wise builder and preserver; there are seasons of the year when the air and woods are full of music, on every hand there is something worthy of our attention. What are all such things to us if we heed them not! To them we go no good, comparatively. To the observing and reflecting mind, the music, the beauty, the wisdom, found in the works of nature, all are occasions of a hymn of thanksgiving to Him who has made everything beautiful in its season.

NEWSPAPER.

God, who knows our hearts, will not believe that we are seriously thankful, if we think only how our own family shall keep the day.

The poor we have with us always; and they are to be remembered by those of us who have enough and to spare. Let us see to it that the poor have something furnished that will make their hearts feel that religion is more than a name,—that it teaches us to love our neighbor.

God will be as much pleased to see us carrying a turkey or some nice chickens to the home of the poor, to the widow and the fatherless, as to behold us meeting in the temple of worship, or in our homes to engage in praise and prayer to our Heavenly Benefactor.

Let each one who can, keep the approaching day of Thanksgiving by sincerely giving thanks to God for his various mercies, by doing good to the poor, and strengthening the bonds of affection among kindred and friends.

ATWELL'S PHYSICAL RESTORER.
Or, Vegetable, Hygienic, Jaundice Bitters.
To you whose days are sad and drear,
Whom Pain and Sickness do oppress,
We bring a boon the heart to cheer,
And health and vigor to restore.
COMPOSED OF RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, COLIC, CONSTIPATION, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS, AND GIVES A HEALTHY TONE TO THE WHOLE SYSTEM. THIS IS NOT ONLY CURE FOR THE ABOVE AFFECTIONS, BUT FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SPLEEN, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE PANCREAS, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE PROSTATE, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE UTERUS, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE VAGINA, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE RECTUM, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE ANUS, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE PERINEUM, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SCROTUM, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE TESTES, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE EPIDIDYMIS, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SEMINAL VESICLES, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URETHRA, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE PENIS, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE CLITORIS, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE VULVA, AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE VAGINA, AND FOR ALL 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